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The Weston Democrat.

IT'S THE TRUTH THAT HURTS.

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Just as of Old.

I saw my love in dream last night
Pass up the sleeping moon-lit lands,
The love beams in her dear eyes bright,
A rosebud in her rose-leaf hands.
And round me, as I near her stepped,
I felt her soft arms steal and fold,
While close against my heart she crept,
Just as of old.

The gay dawn broke, my love was gone,
The golden dream was past and dead;
I got me to the churchyard lone
Wherein my love lay buried.
I found a headstone gray with years,
I bowed me to the morn mists cold,
I wept, and knew she saw my tears,
Just as of old.

But ever while I live alone
This comfort comes and soothes my care—
We two may meet, when all is done,
Far off in heaven's garden fair,
And by the light above, beyond,
Chastened, each other's face beheld,
Stainless, more pure, but true and fond,
Just as of old.

FETCHING AND CARRYING.

"You see," said my great-aunt, addressing us girls, "it was well-nigh thirty years that I followed sewing for a living. I could do tailoring and dressmaking and mending and quilting, and such, as well as the best, and so I was sent for far and near. Now suppose I had allowed myself to fetch and carry from house to house whatever I might happen to hear of people's affairs, like some folks, I should have got myself into a muss many's the time. My mother taught me better. 'Now, Sally,' says she, when I first went out to work, 'be mighty careful how you carry news from house to house, or tell what you know of people's private matters, even when it doesn't seem as if it could do the least mite of harm.' And she went on to say that some people never liked to have a tailoress or seamstress or even a washer-woman around, because some of them are apt to be full of gossip, and to fetch and carry from house to house. Even when there isn't a single thing they are ashamed to have know, people like to feel that they can keep their private business to themselves. So my mother said, and I found it to be exactly so. I thought all the more of it after my mother was dead and gone. Most people seemed to like my way of keeping myself to myself, and again there were others who acted as if they were really provoked because they couldn't get any more out of me, and they pestered me to death, hinting round to see if by putting that and that together they couldn't make out something without asking me outright. There were the two Snuffer girls, Lyddy Ann and Betsy Jane; they wanted to know every body's business, and were always trying to find out something. And such ridiculous things!—how many table-cloths the Snowdons used in a week (that was our minister's family), and how much they paid their hired girl a week, and if she ate at the table with the family. If a stranger came to church with any of the girls, they couldn't listen to the sermon until they had found out who and what he was, and the next day they made a business of collecting information about his family, his property, and all such.

"I always hated to go there to work when any of the girls in Shrewsbury or in the towns round were to be married. They most generally sent for me to help a spell, and of course I knew pretty much their affairs. But I wasn't going to tell what the wedding-dress was to be, or just how much it cost a yard, or whether they bought it in Boston or nearer home, nor how many pounds of cake they were going to make, and all such. The girls said it kind of took the edge off to tell everything beforehand; they had rather come out new. Well, when it came time for Deacon Goodman's daughter to be married, there was a great stir among the girls. Matildy had lived in Boston considerable with her Uncle Joshua, who was rich and lived in a great deal of style, and so the girls all expected that her outfit would be something pretty handsome; and so it was. Why, her wedding dress, with her gloves and slippers and little notions, cost well nigh thirty dollars! Matildy said herself that she thought a part of the money ought to be given to the missionaries, but then it was a present from her uncle, and so there was nothing to be said. I was going there to help about some matters, and so I happened to say that there would be a great curiosity among the young people to know the particulars of the wedding.

"'Lawful sakes!' says Mrs. Goodman, 'do, dear, tell them all they want to know;' and Matildy said the same, for she wasn't in the least struck up. They were only waiting for Spring to get home from Ohio. That was a cousin of Matildy's who was going to stand up with her. He was named Aminadab, after his grandfather; but as people that had known him from a baby would keep on calling him Minny, and the young men called him Dab, his folks concluded to call him by his last name—Spring. I said to Mrs. Goodman that she would miss Matildy when she came to go away for good. Oh yes, of course; but she went on to say that she and the deacon might go with the young folks to Boston, and that would make it seem not quite so sudden. Matilda was very anxious to have them go and stay until after Thanksgiving. The deacon insisted that his wife should go, but he said, what with his rheumatism and some chores he had to do on the farm, he thought he had better stay at home and see to things. His wife would hardly agree to this. She said it would be the first time they had been separated for thirty years, and, as the deacon said, the first time they ever had a serious disagreement; and he laughed as if it was uncommon good joke.

"Well, as I left the deacon's with such a budget of news that I was at liberty to tell, thinks I to myself I shall be quite a welcome visitor at some houses I know of. As it happened, I was going to work for the Snuffers the very next day, and so I should have a chance to make up, in a manner, for being so closed-mouthed, as they called me, by speaking out for once as free as other folks.

"I got there the next morning rather before they expected me, and as I stood ready to knock at the side door I heard my name, and waited a moment. A window was open, and as one of the girls was laying the table in the kitchen, and the other out in the back room ironing, they spoke pretty loud to each other, and I could hear every word they said, though they didn't hear me knock and knock. One of them said: 'Don't tell me about Sall Barker's prudence, and her being so mighty conscientious and all that. I warrant you she is as glad to poke that great long nose of hers into other people's business as anybody, and it is only because she is so contrary that she likes to keep things to herself. She feels so important when she has some great secret that she can keep from everybody else! It is the way she takes to pester folks.' And she went on about old maids in a way that was scandalous. But I am not going to repeat it. You may be sure that I felt pretty well riled up, and I had half a mind to go straight home; but I had sent my goose and lap-board along, for I had a jacket to press off for Reuben Snuffer, and so I concluded to put down the old Adam, and go right in. I ought to explain that what set Lyddy Ann out so fierce was that her mother had been taking her to do for letting out some secrets that had made mischief, and she had held me up as a pattern. Everybody knows that nothing makes some people dislike you more than to have some other people always praising you. Well, I went in and sat down to breakfast, and they had a buttermilk cake that Lyddy had made and baked on a board before the fire on purpose for me, because she knew I liked them so much. There are some folks that always like to have you eat their victuals, even if they hate you. I ate it and praized it, though I hadn't so much appetite as common, for I kept thinking about my great long nose, and of being called an old maid.

"We sat pretty much without speaking for a spell, for the girls mistrusted that I overheard them talk; but before long Betsy Jane gave a little hem to clear her throat, and observed that they must be middling busy down at Deacon Goodman's if Matildy was to be married in a week or two. I said: 'She isn't to be married till Spring comes;' and I was going on to tell the rest; but they didn't give me time to finish.

"'Not till spring! What on earth could that mean?' Now what possessed me I couldn't tell. I don't pretend to say that I did right; but you must remember that it was only half an hour since I had heard myself nicknamed and called an old maid, just because I wouldn't tell all I knew. 'Well,' says I, 'strange things happen sometimes. You haven't heard that the deacon and his wife have had a disagreement, and are talking of a separation.' Now, mind, I didn't tell them that I had heard so; I only said that they hadn't heard it. Of course they were amazed beyond all account. They couldn't say much but 'Did I ever!' and 'If that doesn't beat all I ever did hear in my born days!' Their mother wasn't a talking woman, and she asked me if I didn't think there must be some mistake. I said time would show. But the girls said that they had noticed for some time how red Mrs. Goodman's eyes had looked, and now it was all explained.

"It wasn't long after, as I sat by a window at work, I spied Lyddy Ann, with a shawl over her head, slipping across from their side gate into Miss Jones's, and in another half hour I saw one of the Jones girls, with a shawl and cape bonnet, going across the road; and before dinner I counted half a dozen cape bonnets going hither and yon. Well, the long and the short of it was, that by the end of two days there wasn't a man or a woman in Shrewsbury that hadn't heard that Deacon Goodman and his wife had had a great quarrel, that Mrs. Goodman had cried her eyes out, and that the match between Josiah and Matildy was all broken up.

"Old Deacon Walker was greatly exercised in his mind when he found there was no such thing as putting down the rumor, for he was a peaceable man, and he and Deacon Goodman had served the same communion-table for many a year. He couldn't bear to go to his brother about such unpleasant business, though he didn't believe the stories. After making it a subject of prayer, he concluded it was better that the minister should take it in hand, and so to the minister he went. Parson Snowdon didn't believe the stories. It wasn't long since he had called at the deacon's, and all was pleasant enough at that time. Still, he hated rumors and he hated misunderstandings, and he would go and put a stop to such goings on in his parish. So in the afternoon the parson's old yellow chaise went jogging and teetering along the road to Deacon Goodman's house. He hitched his horse, and then rapped at the front door, instead of going to the side porch as usual, and Nancy—that was their hired girl—supposing that he must have come on some solemn business, took him into the great solemn parlor, where, I venture to say, not one of the family sat down six times in a year. The deacon was out doing some fall planting. His wife brought out his other coat and helped him spruce up a little, and then he went, with a little cough and hem or two, and feeling very stiff, into the great stiff room. 'How d'ye do, Parson Snowdon? Glad to see you. And how is your wife?' The parson and his wife were both pretty smart, and how was the deacon and his wife? Well, both cleverly, except that the deacon's rheumatism held on in spite of his good wife's great care of him, and she herself was troubled with weak eyes. They looked red and watered all the time, and pained her considerable. The parson had noticed along back that her eyes had looked red, and he was afraid that she was taking on, maybe, about losing Matilda so soon. 'Well, no; it wasn't exactly that, for Matildy was going to wait a while till her cousin Spring got home, and then, very likely, his wife would go and then, very likely, his wife would go to Boston to stay with her while she set up housekeeping.' And he told the rest, about her wishing him to go with her, and about their never having been separated since they were married, and he repeated his little joke about their never having had a disagreement before.

"The parson's face grew broader and shorter, and presently, as the fall light broke in, he brought down his foot with a stamp, and threw back his head, and laughed so long and loud that Nancy declared if Parson Snowdon wasn't a master-hand to langh, then she didn't know; and Mrs. Goodman ventured to show herself to ask him not to go home without taking along a few notions for his wife. The chaise box was packed with fall sweetings, a pair of chickens, half a peck of doughnuts, and cheese to go with them; and soon the parson, in the best of humors, went tottering homeward.

"The whole matter was soon explained, and the stories tracked to the Snuffer girls. They were dreadfully cut up, and laid the whole on my shoulders; but nobody else blamed me; and as for Betsy Jane and Lyddy Ann, they knew it wouldn't do a mite of good to keep put out with me. It was only cutting off their own noses, for they couldn't do without me, anyway. The best of it was when Lyddy Ann came to be getting ready all of a sudden to marry a widower with five children, and didn't want a soul to know of it till the last minute, especially as she had always declared that she never would marry a widower—no, not if she had to live an old maid till the day of her death—and the girls would never be done hectoring her!

"Now, girls, let me give you one piece of advice: never be telling beforehand who you will or who you won't marry. According to my way of thinking, it is more prudent and more modest to wait until you are asked.

"As for Lyddy Ann, she owned that I was all right in keeping things to myself, and that she had been ugly in running out so against me; and she went on to say that she had learned one good lesson from me, and one that she would try to indoctrinate her step-children with, and that was, not to fetch and carry from house to house what they might happen to see and hear.'

A Mexican's Weapon.

A correspondent, referring to the Mexican weapon used with such deadly results in the religious murders in Mexico, says: The machete, when wielded by the hands of a powerful Mexican, is just as much to be dreaded in this country as the Spaniards have found it in Cuba. It is like the Irishman's shilellah—an arm that never misses fire. And then, the multiplicity of uses to which the Mexican dedicates his machine are something wonderful to the uninitiated. It serves as his weapon offensive and defensive; it clears the ground of brush wood and the forests of timber for him; in the streams, rivers and arms of the sea he fishes with it; it helps to build his *jacal*, or hut; aids him in numerous details of his duties as a muleteer, serves in the capacity of a universal tool in carpentering about the houses; cuts his umbilical cord when he is ushered into the world; occasionally shaves him when his razor (if he has one) is dull, and is his closest companion at all hours of the day and night. How that machete, with its saber-like curve, horn handle, broad blade and keen edge is hugged by the owner can only be understood by those who for years have seen the terrible instrument of many purposes wielded in every imaginable way. Some of the people manifest a good deal of taste in the manner of keeping their favorite machete. The blade is frequently well polished and inlaid with initials or designs in gold and silver; the leathern sheath and belt are ornamented with quaint chasings or embroidered in threads of the precious metals; while the buckle fastening it to the waist is usually of massive silver. But the more numerous portion of the men, being those who cannot reach the elegancies just mentioned, are content to sheathe their machetes in a home-made scabbord, or let it rest, bare, with the hilt in their hand and the blade embraced in the hollow of the arm. Over the steely surface of the sharp and trusty cleaver a wing of the omnipresent serape is thrown, and your Mexican gentleman of the unpolished classes is ready for anything from cock-fighting to manslaughter. The tough worsted folds of his well worn scrape afford an excellent substitute for a shield; and thus armed the half Indian peasant of Mexico is as tough a customer as one would wish to encounter. His machete and scrape remind me strongly of the targe and claymore that once made old Scotland famous.

The Apoplectic Stroke.

A middle-aged physician said one day to the writer: As I was walking down the street after dinner I felt a shock in the back of my head, as it some one had struck me; I have not felt well since. I fear I shall die, just as all my ancestors have, of paralysis. What shall I do? The answer was: "Diminish the tension on the blood vessels, and there need be no fear of tearing them in a weak place." Now, this expresses in plain terms the cause of apoplexy in the great majority of instances; and it is one, too, which every one has it in his power to prevent. A blood vessel of the brain, from causes which will presently be mentioned, has lost some of its elastic strength; food is abundant, digestion is good; blood is made in abundance, but little is worked off by exercise; the tension on every artery and vein is at a maximum rate; the even, circuitous flow is temporarily impeded at some point, throwing a dangerous pressure on another; the vessel which has lost its elastic strength gives way, blood is poured out, a clot is formed, which, by its pressure on the brain, produces complete unconsciousness. This is the apoplectic stroke. It will be perceived that there are two leading conditions upon which the production of the stroke depends; a lessened strength in the vessel, and an increased tension on it.

Want to Pay It Back.

The New Jersey Senate passed a resolution, offered by Senator Hill, of Morris, directing the Representatives of the State in Congress to urge the settlement of a certain class of claims against the several States. In 1836 the United States general government found itself in possession of $28,000,000 of surplus revenues, and redistributed it among the States, with the understanding that should it ever be wanted it would be called for and must be restored. In most if not all of the States it was used as a school fund. Mr. Hill's resolution is for the repayment of the moneys. The amount due from the State of New Jersey is $764,670.44.

The Slavery of Prosperity.

The London *Globe* prints the following readable article: In the full swing of medical practice, it says, the pass is tremendous. When once the indefinable stamp of fashion is set upon a doctor every one wants to engage his services. You may go to the great man's house again and again, and the great man will not be able to see you. You may write to his secretary, and the secretary may make an appointment for the week after next, but it by no means follows that he will be able to keep the appointment. As soon as the clock strikes two he makes a dash from the consulting room, swallows an apology for a lunch, and you presently observe him driving past the windows. In vain the unpunctuality is notorious, in vain the consulting fee is doubled. People are determined to have the great man, and the great man they accordingly get; they will bring him down two hundred miles, though they have to pay two hundred guineas for the journey. They will have him, though the patient may be *in articulo mortis*. For there are circumstances under which some rich men think that no consultation is too costly. They will have him and no one else, although the case, scientifically considered, may be as simple as a cut finger. Sometimes they resort to him because the case has really baffled the average skill of the average practitioner, and it not unfrequently happens that the celebrated physician makes a diagnosis and suggests a remedy that sets his brethren to rights. But when the fashionable physician has really obtained this immense practice, the charm of the practice must depart. The great physician becomes a great slave. He lives in a state of gilded captivity. He cannot call his house his own, or his hours his own, or his family his own. He is at the beck and call of the public. He takes his meals with his loins girded; or, rather, he may be obliged to exist on Liebeg's extract for want of time to partake of solid food. When the tide of fashion steadily sets in he is almost submerged beneath the wave. He bids farewell to leisure, friends, private life—all that makes existence endurable. The guineas accumulate, the checks, the bank-notes; there are plethoric investments, a lordly income. But a man's income for all purposes of enjoyment is not what he gets, but what he spends. Many men who imagine that they are in the enjoyment of a stately income are often, like children, playing with little bits of paper that come in and little bits of paper that go out. There is not so very much use in a man getting £15,000 a year if he can hardly spend £1,500. But as a rule we acquit great physicians of any mean love of filthy lucre. They hardly know the sums which roll out of their pockets when, worn out and harassed, they tumble into the uncertain bed from which the night-bell may arouse them. They would willingly take less of lucre for more of leisure.

The Washington Monument.

As an effort is now being made to finish the Washington monument, a few items relative to the monument may be of interest. The plan of the monument is an obelisk 517 feet high, with a colonnade surrounding the base. The estimated cost of the whole work was $1,222,000. In six years from the laying of the corner stone the obelisk had been raised 170 feet and $230,000 had been expended. After an ineffectual effort, in 1855, to get Congress to appropriate the $200,000 originally voted, in 1859 the National Washington Monument Association was incorporated by act of Congress. In 1847 contributions toward the monument amounted to more than $9,000, in 1848 to $34,000, in 1849 to $60,000, in 1851 to $36,000, in 1852 to $31,000, in 1853 to $30,000, in 1854 to $31,000, in 1860 to $4,500, in 1861 to $9,000, in 1862 to $10,000. Since that time the association has received about $1,000 per annum. In 1872 an effort was again made to get Congress to appropriate $200,000 to the monument. It was referred to the committee on appropriations, but has never been acted upon. Although each State, two of the Territories and different governments and associations all over the world have contributed blocks to go into the monument, it is now only 174 feet high.

In this, as in many other enterprises of the sort, the pertinent question is, "What has become of the money?" In this case the answers are numerous. In the first place, much of it was collected by agents, each of whom received a percentage on the amount collected. For example: Mr. A. is appointed township agent; he collects some money, and in handing it in he deducts five per cent. for collecting. Mr. B., who is county agent, hands in the money collected by the township agents, deducting five per cent. for his trouble. Mr. C., who is State agent, hands in whatever he receives, again deducting five per cent. for his labors. Thus, of every dollar five cents goes to the object intended, and the other ninety-five to collectors, agents, clerks, secretaries, etc.

About a Wife Whipper.

Justices of the peace do not like wife whippers, and when one of these fellows appeared before a Detroit justice he was sentenced after the following fashion: It's mighty good for some of these old grizzlies that I hain't a woman! Do you know that if I were a fond wife and mother, and my darling husband should come home from his daily toil and black my eye that I'd hit him with the whole woodshed at once! Yes, I would. About the time he struck me he'd think a meeting-house had tumbled over on him! Yes, it's a good thing for these old wife-pounders that my father wasn't a woman! (And he walked up and down breathing hard and clenching his coat collar.) I wish I could have you whipped, he said to the prisoner. I wish I could have you tied to a grating and whipped round the fleet, until there was not a sound piece of flesh as big as a hazelnut on your whole body, I do. But I can't do that, and so up you go to the county house for sixty days, and if you don't come away from that place entirely satisfied with wife whipping, then I mistake the character of the place where you are to spend your next two months.

Apoplexy is less frequent with women than with men.

THE MANIA FOR STRIKES.

The Innocent People who Suffer by Their ---Some Reflections on Strikes in General.

One of the most interesting facts in the history of the long period of depression and disaster through which the business community has been passing, says the New York *Times*, is the number of strikes that have taken place. These illustrate very forcibly the unsatisfactory condition of the relations between employers and employed. At a time when the interests of both classes are, in reality, peculiarly connected, and when it is not only desirable but necessary for both that there should be the least possible friction, the employed have felt impelled to resort to the most extreme of all measures to protect themselves from their share of the general distress. The consequence, in nearly every case, has been that they have not only failed in carrying out the immediate purpose of their coercive measures, but they have inflicted great injury on their employers, on themselves, and on thousands who were involuntarily and helplessly involved with them. It is estimated that the strike of the Pittsburgh puddlers, some seventeen hundred in number, compelled the idleness of nearly twenty thousand laborers, and produced a loss in the business of ten millions of dollars. Supposing that this estimate is an exaggerated one—of which we have no certain knowledge—it must still be obvious that the loss to innocent persons must have been very great. The strike in the coal mines along the line of the Reading railroad is a case still more remarkable. This began on the 1st of January. It is still in force. It has already reduced many families to the verge of starvation. It must either fail of its immediate purpose, or it must produce an advance in the price of coal, that will satisfy the operators that they can afford to comply with the terms of the strikers. In the former case, the loss in wages will be very great, but will only cover a small part of the loss actually inflicted. The strike has been so strict and general, that in many collieries the operators have been unable to procure the labor necessary to keep their mines free from water, or to protect them against the injury, which is not only immensely expensive but very dangerous. It will cost large sums of money, and, in all probability, a number of human lives, to bring these mines into a condition where general labor can be resumed in them at any price.

If the strikers succeed, not only the difference they claim in wages, but the cost of these repairs will have to be borne by the consumers. Who are the consumers? Directly or indirectly, they are laborers like the miners themselves. Every dollar added to the price of the manufacturer's coal, must, in the present condition of business, be mostly deducted from the wages of labor. Demand for manufactured goods is dull; competition is not only active but desperate. Both these influences tend to lower wages, and if this is resisted in the coal mines, the difference must be made up elsewhere. How certainly this is the case can be seen from the returns of the coal trade itself. The supply sent forward this year is less by more than half a million tons (573,222) than it was last year, which is a falling off of nearly twelve per cent. This is an approximate indication of the falling off in the demand for labor in manufactures, but that has been greater rather than less than here indicated, because the severe winter has increased the domestic consumption of coal, and so far compensated for the reduced consumption in manufactures.

We need not here recite the strikes that have taken place in other trades during the past winter. Our readers are sufficiently familiar with them. As a rule they have been failures, and the authors of them have suffered severely. We wish that we were able to say that they alone had suffered. These strikes show, as we have remarked, how very crude, unsatisfactory, and costly are the relations of labor and capital. Instead of co-operation there is practical war. It may be, and intelligent men know that it is true, that labor and capital have at bottom a common interest, and that there is a common policy which those who control both could profitably pursue. But on the surface and for the present, nothing but a continual, irritating, costly conflict seems to be possible.

There is, of course, the encouraging reflection in this case that the experience of all parties to the conflict tends to ultimate harmony. The first condition of that harmony is that it shall be plain on both sides that self-interest demands it, and the only way in which this can be accomplished is by experience. Discussion, based on recognized facts, will go a great ways, but the chief instruction must come in the time-honored school. In this light it cannot be denied that the recent strikes may prove lessons as valuable as they have been expensive.

The Cities and the Working People.

There is hardly a city in the United States, says the Boston *Transcript*, which does not contain more people than can get a fair, honest living by labor or trade, in the best times. When times of business depression come, like those through which we have passed and are passing, there is a large class that must be helped to keep them from cruel suffering. Still the cities grow, while whole regions of the country—especially its older portions—are depopulated year by year. Yet the fact is patent to-day that the only prosperous class is the agricultural. We have now the anomaly of thrifty farmers and starving tradesmen. The agricultural class of the West are prosperous. They had a good crop last year, and have received good prices for all their products; and while the cities are in trouble, and manufactories are running on half time, or not running at all, the Western farmer has money in his pocket, and a ready market for everything he has to sell. The country must be fed, and he feeds it. The city family may do without clothes, and a thousand luxurious appliances, but it must have bread and meat. There is nothing that can prevent the steady prosperity of the American farmer but the combinations and "corners" of middlemen, that force unnatural conditions upon the finances and markets of the country.

A Mammoth Sheep Farm.

The Victoria stock farm is in the heart of Kansas, and is already an immense estate, and Mr. Grant is now in treaty for the purchase of the whole county of Ellis, comprising about nine hundred square miles or 570,000 acres. This would be larger, with one exception, than any estate held by any dukedom in Europe. It is the intention of the owners of the farm to devote themselves to stock raising, much of the stock now being sheep. The flock numbers 10,000, and the success in wintering stock has determined Mr. Grant to increase his flock, his aim being to have a flock of 100,000 of improved breeds within five years. He has also largely improved his stock of cattle, having upward of five hundred young cows, which have been crossed with imported bulls of the highest pedigree.

Mr. Grant believes in sheltering cattle through the winter and feeding them when necessary. Many of the sheep and cattle owners of the West, during the past winter, lost nearly one-half of their stock, through exposure and cold, while Mr. Grant has not lost more than one per cent. The cost per head for feed averaged about thirty cents. His feed for sheep on stormy days is an allowance of crushed corn, which costs about one cent per day per head. In deference to his head shepherd, who was an advocate for hay, Mr. Grant divided a flock of 2,500 young sheep, feeding one-half on hay and the other on crushed corn. The death rate was twenty-four to one, in favor of those fed on crushed corn. In stormy weather, he now feeds on crushed corn altogether, which can be done at a great saving of labor. One man can easily provide the crushed corn and put it into the bins for 10,000 sheep per day, while it requires five men to feed hay. Mr. Grant has experimented successfully with alfalfa clover, and intends to sow three hundred acres this season, believing it to be the best feed for cattle and sheep. Convinced that prevention is better than cure, he has a sheep-bath in which he dips his sheep twice a year, immediately after shearing and at the end of the summer, and by his arrangements he can dip 3,000 sheep per day. A solution of twenty pounds of tobacco and five pounds of sulphur to the one hundred gallons of water is prepared by being boiled for two hours in two tanks, holding each 1,000 gallons, and used in the bath at a temperature of one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit. The solution is then run into a trough twenty-four feet long and six feet deep, and the sheep are driven up to it in single file, through a narrow passage on a level with the top, and fall into the water. After swimming through the water, the sheep ascend from the bath by steps to a dripping corral or inclosure, where they remain until the wash runs back into the bath, so that nothing is wasted. The cost is about two cents per head for each bath, and yields to the owner a return in wool, from the improved condition of the sheep, of at least half a pound, and worth twenty cents per head. This bath also keeps out scabs, tick, and other vermin to which sheep are subject. Several interesting experiments in crossing imported stock will be made this summer, and the results carefully noted.

Fashion Notes.

The prettiest overskirts for wash dresses of linen, gingham, muslin, or batiste, says a fashion journal, have all their fullness held by skirring on the sides, and this skirring is arranged in drawing cases that can be loosened and easily laundried. Gray undressed linen is perferred to buff, but *ecru* batiste will still be worn, and associated with black velvet bows and skirts, also with skirrings of black silk let in the sleeves, and set on the corsage in vest shape or as a pompadour square; in the latter case the lower skirt should also be of black silk. *Ecru* muslin wrought all over in open Hamburg patterns is also offered again for polonaises and overdresses. This will be worn, even during midsummer, over a brown or black velvet skirt.

Later in the summer suits of fine Scotch gingham will be worn at the watering-places, in the country, at picnics, and for traveling short journeys. These fabrics are sent to Paris in the piece, and our merchants import costumes of them as elaborately and with as much attention to style as are the handsomest dresses of camel's-hair or silk. Irregular plaids of brown or black with white are largely imported, while striped suits show gay contrasts of blue with rose or with *ecru*, or else brown and buff with black, or almost any color with white. The Madras colors and combinations are well represented. This genuine Scotch gingham costs seventy-five cents a yard, and is very different from much that is offered under that name and sold for thirty or forty cents. The objection to imported suits of wash materials is that they are so often made with close-fitting basques, and this is the case with the fresh and pretty gingham suits. The basques of plaid gingham are cut to show the plaid bias, and this has a very pretty effect, but does not wash well. The overskirt has a deep apron, either pointed, round, or square, and there are looped tabs behind. Striped gingham suits are similarly made, but are trimmed with knife-plaited ruffles arranged to make a particular color uppermost on each plait.

A Victim of the Measles.

The measles are visiting the Upton (Mass.) families now, and the latest victim is a pet dog in the family of George Walker. Major was a valuable Newfoundlander, who regularly "took" the disease from the children, having a cough and every symptom that attends this sickness in the human family. They doctored him and he got along nicely for a few days, but he perversely ran out in the snow, which apparently gave him a chill, the measles struck in, and death closed the scene.

Terrible Death.

A boy in New York went to the elevator entrance of the third story of the Union Telegraph building and thrust his head through the opening at the side of the door to look down to the basement. The car, which was rapidly descending, struck the boy's head at the base of the skull and cut off his head above the ears and eyebrows.

Items of Interest.

Always marry the girl you love best—that is, if she'll have you.

There are two hundred and sixty miles of street railways in Pennsylvania.

Ole Bull is sixty-five years old, and he has a collection of twenty-four fiddles.

Every husband thinks that he can tame a shrew except the poor fellow that has her.

If a man is insane upon the subject of money, is his disease monomania, or moneymania?

An entire family in Harrison, Ohio, has been made insane by a stroke of lightning which hit their house.

An impudent adventurer having married an heiress, a wit remarked that the bridegroom's brass was outshone by the bride's tin.

Mr. Moody, the American revivalist, who is now making so many converts in London, was a colonel in the United States army.

Mysterious Little Johnny—"I heard somebody crying in there, and it wasn't ma nor the doctor." Sissy—"Maybe it was the kitten."

A veteran shopkeeper says that, although his clerks are very talkative during the day, they are always ready to shut up at night.

When a Detroiter was asked the other day by a traveler if he had ever been in Brooklyn, he hastened to reply: "Do I look like one of that sort of men, sir?"

The Vanceburg *Kentuckian* remarks: A farmer lives on the average sixty-five years, a printer thirty-three. The former should pay the latter promptly.

New Zealand prohibits females from attending public schools, holding that a woman does not need book learning to enable her to split wood and hoe corn.

The paper makers say that the rags they have received this year are more threadbare than usual, which they attribute to the general prevalence of hard times.

It is estimated that 65,000,000 bushels of wheat will be marketed in the United States within the next ninety days. At present prices here, this would bring $78,000,000.

A five hundred pound Parrott shell, lately used for breaking iron in Peekskill, was filled with water which froze solid and burst the shell into three pieces, although the iron was upwards of three inches thick.

The Lewiston *Journal* says that the word "mosquito" vanquished a social gathering in that city, in which the spelling mania had broken out. It was too much for a doctor of divinity, a judge, a professor of language, to say nothing of less learned people.

"Jack in the Pulpit," in *St. Nicholas* for April, says: For five years past a rich farmer in our neighborhood has made a standing offer of $10,000 in gold for a double set of cow's teeth—that is, the upper and lower rows complete. Yet his offer has never been taken up.

A captain in the navy, on meeting a friend as he landed, boasted that he had left his whole ship's company the happiest fellows in the world. "How so?" asked his friend. "Why, I have just flogged seventeen, and they are happy it is over; and all the rest are happy that they have escaped."

Cowden Clark tells a story of a gentleman who, lately, in making a return of his income to the tax commissioners, wrote on the paper: For the last three years my income has been somewhat under £150; in future it will be more precarious, as the man is dead of whom I borrowed the money.

A Pittsburgh critic remarked that "Miss Soldene's mouth was suggestive of the Mammoth cave," and the next night, when he presented himself for admittance, the French business manager told him: "Not at all, zur; you no see zee Mammoth cave to-night oonder ainy zeerkoomstances. Ve vill zell you no teekets."

Jekyll told Moore of a man who had said his eating cost almost nothing, for "on Sunday," said he, "I always dine with an old friend, and then eat so much that it lasts until Wednesday, when I buy some tripe, which I hate like the old boy, and which accordingly makes me so sick that I cannot eat any more until Sunday again."

It takes a Pittsburgh paper to grasp a problem and wring the juice out of it. Says the *Leader*: If an ice bridge thirty-five miles in diameter were built from the earth to the moon and protected from dissolving till everything was ready, the heat of the sun turned on suddenly would melt it, boil the water and dissipate the whole business in vapor in one second.

The contents of the stomach of a trout weighing forty pounds lately sent from Michigan to Washington in this State, were found to consist of eight distinct fishes, six of which measured twelve inches in length each, and the other two eight inches each, making a total of seven feet and four inches of fish in a trout forty-three inches long. The eight lay side by side, the heads and tails being partly digested.

The Battle of Life.

A newsboy arrested in New York testified, and to the satisfaction of the court, that since he was seven years old he had made his own living peddling papers. During this time, his mother, paralyzed, was in a hospital, and his father, who was blind, was under charge of the county. The little fellow had battled manfully for life, and most of the time had paid three dollars a week for his board, besides sending his mother and father delicacies frequently. He was discharged.

Keep Away.

The son of a subscriber of a New York paper receives the following in reply to a letter asking what chance there was for him to get work in the city: If you are wise you will not think of coming to New York at this time to work at your trade. Many thousands of persons as competent as yourself to earn a living are now out of employment, and either subsisting on the earnings of more prosperous years or almost at the verge of starvation.